THE FADS OF FASHION

WHAT WILL BE WORN THIS SPRING AND SUMMER.

OUR SPECIAL FASHION COMMISSIONER

Engaged by This Newspaper to Sceure Exclusive News in Woman's orld for the Delectation of Our Feminine Renders.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.) NEW YORK, February 5 .- A Well known ladles' tailor is reported to have said recently "that the punched, or Russian, coat must have been invented by the unfortunate possessor of a bad figure." Be that as it may, the reaction has already set in. Some of us will be inclined to thin, "not one whit too soon." From Paris and Vienna come fascinating desoriptions of the latest modes, and these, tailor mades at least, are all severely plain and tight-fitting. One of the best known houses has just evolved from its tuner consciousness a coatee which partakes of the character of both coat and office, and which will certainly prove a delight-let us hope a lasting one-to all omen who can afford to wear it. I am now speaking in a strictly sartorial, not monetary, sense. The coat is plain and perfectly tight-fitting, and in front has somewhat of the appearance of an Eton jacket, made to fasten bodicewise—at any rate, the sharply cut point is reminiscen this mode. At intervals in the middle is cut out lattice-wise, to show a vest of green ribbed silk. I may mention that the original was built of a very fine dark-blus box cloth. Each of these little lat-tice-like openings was edged with a nar-row gold gaion, and braided with a coarsebbed make of silk-mohair braid. The storm-collar, which was the highest and broadest I have yet seen, was faced with the green silk and braided to match the rest of the bodice; and the fastenings of the cost consisted of elaborate siken frogs. These, however, were supple-mented by a row of invisible hooks and eyes. The sleeves were of the latest fashion, absolutely plain and tight-fitting from shoulder to wrist, only sufficient fulness being allowed to admit of easing in. Broad gauntlet cuffs were with the green ribbed silk, and faced with the green ribbed silk, and braided with the galon and mohair. The novelty of the coat lay in its beasque. This was nothing more or less than a huge box-pleat of the cloth, about 5-mches in depth and lined with the green silk. The basque was set at the extreme back of the bodice, and was not allowed to reach nearly to the hips; in fact, only the merest glimpse of it was possible when standing in front of the model, it, too, was braided to correspond with the remainder of the coat. The skirt was severely plain in out, its only ornamentation a row of the mohair braid in a much wider width than that used on the

two colors employed seem to me to indi-cate that the combination of dark-blue and dull-green—which, by the way, was so deservedly popular a short time ago-is again making a bid for favor. This will, I fancy, be good news to those who, like myself, were among its original ad-mulrars.

much wider width than that used on th bodice, bordered on either side by the gold

galon. The whole was lined with siik of the same shade as the revers, and the

ANOTHER LOVELY GOWN. Another and equally lovely gown from the same establishment was composed of lavender-gray cloth, always a favorit color with Parisienne. The coat of this model was also tight-fitting, and, indeed, had something of a bodice-like aspect, for it was apparently set—how I do not venture to opine, for not a suspicion or "easing" was visible—into a white kie belt studded with amethys's and clasped it on the left side with three buttons of the cut steel and amethysis. An enor-mous collar—one might almost call it a cape from its size—was fastened in one with the storm-collar. It was braided or banded, which you will, with white kid, set between two narrow lines of what looked like steel braid. It certainly was not embroidery, neither could it be faire. called passementerie, since it was too severe for the latter title. However, the effect obtained was charming, and uncommon in the extreme. The gauntiet cuffs—these are seen on many of the latest modes—were faced with the kid. as was also the high collar. Down either as was also the high collar. Down either side of the skirt were set, slantwise, long strips of the white kid banded by the steel braid; of all other trimming it was guiltless, but it was cut, after the dernier cri. Absolutely skin-tight as to make one wonder if Dame Fashion is contemplating a return to the eelskin skirts or the seventies. Let us hope not, for, judging from the fashion books, an ugiler or more ungraceful craze never obtained. To most sensible people it was a worthy sister of the crinoline and deserves to be tabooed accordingly. Nevertheless, the fact remains; our skirts are getsing visibly tighter every day.

But to go back to the self-time triangle of flowing golden hair. That is my wife, and although not rion, she is wondrous fair!

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But to go back to the model, which certainly "clung" in the most accommo-dating way. This was lined with his-cuit-colored glace silk, and a tuck flounce of the same material graced it inwardly. "Why biscuit-color?" thought I to myself, and then my eyes rested on the hat, whose good fortune it was to accompany this charming confection, and the mys-tery was explained. This, I believe, was a model from the famous Malson V-

and was composed of biscult-colored felt, not the ugly drab shade, but a tender, warmer hue, like pale winter sunshine. The crown was draped with black satin and a huge, magnificent plume of black ostrich feathers were kept in place by a steel buckle. In shape the hat reminded me of nothing so much as a glorified "boat" or "Alpine," although, of course, "boat" or "Alpine," aithough, of course, it goes without saying that it was at least five or six times as large as either of the above-mentioned styles. A pretty touch of color was given at the back by a knot of yellow roses, intermixed with a choux of biscult-colored and black velvet, which rested on the hair. For the woman who loves tailor modes and affects them, even at weddings and smart afternoon parties, no prettier model could be found or need it prove at all unduly expensive. There are plenty of good tailors who would carry out the above suggestion for a comparatively small

SAILOR SHAPE,

It is a noticeable fact that all the newest coats boast collars of one sort or another, preferably inclining to the sailor shape at the back. One of these coats sed of drab box-cloth, liberally braided with black in a conventional design, so liberally, in fact, that in the front, at least, but very little could be seen of the material itself. Although this model, after the latest fashion, was tight-fitting, it yet had a soupson of the Russian cut imparted to it by a belt of brown leather fastened with an antique silver clasp. I attribute this to the fact that we have so taken the belt into favor, when used in conjunction with our outdoor garments, that we are loth to part with it or to allow it to resign the place it has hitherto held in our affec-tions. Whatever be the reason, belts are till in evidence and well to the fore on all the latest coats.

Our illustration shows a spring tailor-nade gown-a Redfern model-which embodies three of the changes to be seen in tailor modes for 1898-viz., the fitted coats worn with a belt, the large cape-like collar of white satin covered with lace, and the skirt trimmed with two ruffles of narrow black satin ribbon. slightly gathered on the upper edge and et on in curves, decorate many of the advance spring skirts. The hat worn with this gown is a gauzy straw, rolled into toque shape and strapped by bands of white horse-hair. Two black ostrich fea-thers form an algrette.

The skirt of this model is close-fitting a front and at the sides, flowing well out t the back. Our artist has chosen to epresent its wearer in a wind, which has wn it forward a little.

The hat in our illustration is made of Liberty silk shirred over a wire frame, the trimming black velvet and orchids. The use of mull, Malines, mousselines chiffons, Brussels net, Liberty silks, and ogsamers will be one of the leading fea-

The sales, the sales, the sales! This has been the cry for a month. What have you bought? What has she bought? How are you going to make up your waist lengths? In order to reply to this last question our artist has sketched the new blouse displayed by a leading Broadway dry-goods house. It is the latest cry, as the French say, and very be-coming as well as stylish. The bloused fronts open over a plastron of white sattr or of a silk which matches one of the colors in the plaid of the waist material. These fronts are held together by cuff-links passed through button-holes. The revers are faced with the waist material or to match the plastron. Plaids, stripes, plain silks, checks, all are made up in this style, and we are sure our readers will be grateful for the model. The back is in a single piece and slightly bloused. preferred it can be drawn down tightly.

Love Is Best.

(Mrs. James Nicoll, in Buffalo Evening News.)

News.)
Three travellers met at the Brandon pass,
By the bubbling Brandon spring,
They shared their cake and venison,
And talked of many a thing;
Of books and songs and foreign lands,
Of strange and wandering lives;
And by and by, in softer tones,
They spoke of their homes and wives.

"I married the lady of Logan Brae,"
Said one, with a lofty air;
"And there isn't in all the north country
A house with a better share
Of gold and gear and hill and loch,
Of houses and farms to rent;
There's warr, a man has envied me Of houses and farms to rent; There's many a man has envied me, And I'm more than well content.

"Dream of a woman as bright as day,"
The second traveller said;
"Dream of a form of perfect grace,
Of a noble face and head;
Of eyes that are of heaven's own blue,
Of flowing golden hair,
That is my wife, and although not rich,
Oh, she is wondrous fair!"

"I have a wife," the third man said,

a reference to my age would not be dis-

Commy's Inference.

(Brooklyn Life.)

Teacher: What do we learn from the story of Samson?
Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair.

LATEST SPRING BLOUSE.



WILL BE VERY POPULAR.

Exclusive Advance Spring Fashions.



A NOTABLE SPRING TAILOR-MADE DRAWN BY A GREAT FASHION ARTIST AND DESCRIBED BY OUR SPECIAL NEW YORK FASHION REPRESENTATIVE.

A COMFORTING HOG. PIG THAT OFFERED CONSOLATION

TO HIS MELANCHOLY BRETHREN.

A PLACE WHERE THEY CAN WALLOW

the swine of the establishment were in no humor to crack jokes. They were dying by the bundreds every hour, and an incessant, never-ending squeal floated out on the air as the victims went by scorces to their death. Those who awaited their turns at the dreadful ordeal were huddled closely together, and as they heard the shricks of friends and relatives their hearts stood still within them and their spirits sank to the lowest reared he would be the next to die and yet the awful suspense was, perhaps, more tortuous than the butcher's knife and the boiling vats that reduced them to the laundered state. One moment a hog was in the prime of life—fat, sassy, and unclean—and the next he was being drawn and quartered and boiled and states and to knock his sketches of porcine Elysium into a cocked hat.

"And is there any mud in this pignalized." ebb. It was no joke with them. Each

the swinish assemblage concluded they couldn't be much injured by lending him an ear. And so the speaker was allowed to "shoot off his snout"—as they say in hog parlance, which means the same thing as "shooting off one's lip." The large brunette hog, with the bay

window, thanked his hearers with gravity and dignity, and then incidentally re-marked that this honor was wholly unexpected to him. He next quoted the following Latin, which he had picked up

A Senatorial Poet Who is Cheerful in the Face of Adversity—Gratuitous Advice to People With Colds.

It was a gloomy day at the great porkpacking establishment of Armour & Co. A leaden sky overhung the city and a dense fog draped the gigantic town of Chicago in a misty, tearful veil that dampened the spirits of men and pissalike. Despondency was everywhere, and the swine of the establishment were in wash. Rather seek eternity with eager-ness and hasten to that end which brings these priceless comforts and luxuries."

> And the audience, diminished every And the audience, diminished every moment by those especially segregated for immediate destruction, listened with rapt attention, and at the mention of the swill and slops and acorns many actually chuckled. Nothing more pleases a hog than the thought of food. They are like people in this respect. Truly, it was a beautiful picture which the speaker painted and at first many thought that nothing appeared to be lacking in this

panions. As death was near at hand, taken of the feasts that are prepared for you, a glorious place of mud awaits you coming. There will be wallows enough for you all-mud-holes for the big and little; slush for the fat, and slush for the lean. No hog shall mourn or pine for dirt-all, all shall rub away that stain of cleanliness which is the last mark of Ignominy placed upon you by these awful butchers. Far, far away in the East, not many miles from the great ocean and across the river from the great ocean and across the river from a place called Manchester, there is a city which has been built and managed for your special uses. Here the righteous pig can find nothing but mud and dirt with which to regale his happy hours. Magnificent wallows await you on the sidewalks—wallows frothing over with glorious mud—while at the crossings forsooth can be found.

complaint."

And the gloom of the Chicago fog was brightened by these glad tidings, and the executioner's knife no longer had horrors for the suffering captives. With such a guarantee of future happiness they feared not death and hastened to meet their ends. "Our name is mud," they joyously exclaimed as they rushed pelimell for the door which opened unto slaughter and destruction. And there will be mud for all. be mud for all.

There are many sins charged against

me and my record is not as stainless as a whitewashed wall, but whatever the tailors and the grocers say, no one can accuse me of ever having written poetry. And what is better still, I have never threaten so to do. Senator Flanagan, of Powhatan, cannot point with pride to a bog was in the prime of life—fat, gassy, and unclean—and the next he was being drawn and quartered and boiled and salted.

Amid such scenes it is no wonder that they felt a gentie melancholy and shivered at the thoughts of the future. After all, hogs are very much like people; in fact, strikingly like some people. And so they were not gay, or frivolous, nor did the lady hogs waste the time to the harty kinks in the tails of their aristocratic friends. It was an hour of desolation and sorrow; a period of suspense and agitation—a time for sober thought and spiritual consolation.

Some great individual always arises in the face of adversity and does something which entitles him to get his name in the papers. It was so on this occasion, Just as the gloom seemed gloomiest and the fog foggest and the blood bloodlest a large brunette hog, with a conspicuous bay window and a pair of hams which made him look as if he wore a bustie, arose to a question of personal privilege. But the for cover and asked an audience of his moribund. similar record. On several occasions of late he has burst into song and loud has

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA Pure, Delicious, Nutritious. Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup. Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark. Walter Baker & Co. Limited. Dorchester, Mass.

at that his cleverness should have taken sible to my great mind. How a man with eight children can burst into song is more than I can see. If, during these hard times he had burst into anything hard times he had burst into anything else—even into smithereens—I could understand it, but into poetry, never. By way of explanation, I will state that the Senator has half a dozen children and then a few more by way of good measure. And he is cheerful through it all, despite the fact that children have been known to eat and that they sometimes need shoes—yea, despite the fact that they wear ciothes and are brought into evidence about Christmas times. dence about Christmas times. Senator Flanagan is a good man, though a member of the Legislature.

The general public are hereby respectfully notified that I have a cold, and that I am aware of the fact; also, that I am taking a prescription of my own and don't need advice on the subject. My head is stopped up and I can hardly move my limbs, though, despite this lack of energy, my nose is running. In fact, it has broken the fastest pacing records and is what the boys call a rip-snorter. Its speed is something terrific, and it goes all the gaits. My voice at present unfits me for service in our church choir-in fact, for the past sixty-two years it has unfitted me for work there-and altogether, I am like unto the grass that grows under a plank. When I go forth among my friends they each and every one say in the most confidential way, "You have a cold," and then they swell with pride because they have conveyed to me a valuable piece of informa-tion. Scores have greeted me thus, and in every case they have gloated over their kindness in reminding me of a fact of which I was absolutely unaware. A man who has a cold and a husky voice and a refractory nose and a chapped face and a rheumatic body, of course, has no means of realizing his unhappiness unless people tell him, nor is he supposed to make any effort to remedy the evils of which he suffers, but is ignorant. Therefore, I repeat that when his friends say, "You have a cold," they place him under everlasting obligations to them. And the remedies and doses they recommend in work and living he so much resounder. remedies and doses they recommend should all be taken, yea, even though they cost him hundreds of dollars and are ever so expensive. When people tell us the weather is nice, or that it's cold, or hot, we have a right to scorn the proffered knowledge which we already possess, but not so when we have a cold. It is then we seek the wisdom of those who know more than we, and thank them from our heart of hearts for the knowledge they give us.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS.

Russell H. Conwell Lectures in

Lyceum Course To-Morrow Night. Russell H. Conwell, the brilliant preacher, author, and orator, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, and president of the Temple College, will deliver, under the auspices of the Richmond Lyceum, his superb and admirable lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," at the Academy of Music, to-morrow evening at Mr. Conwell, as he prefers himself to

be called, though educational institutions have taken delight and honor to them-selves in conferring on him the degrees of LL B., LL D., D. D., and others, is a bread and puddings. In some parts haps, of any American citizen. He is the pastor of the largest Protestant church on this side of the Atlantic, preaches Sunday morning and evening to 4,600 and 5,600 people, who gain admission by card only, because of the great numbers, not residents of Philadelphia.

Minor for making bread. Rice bread is man of a great work, the greatest, perthe pastor of the largest Protestant church on this side of the Atlantic, preaches Sunday morning and evening to 4,000 and 5,000 people, who gain admission by card only, because of the great numbers, not residents of Philadelphia, but who, in their distant homes, have heard of this man of eloquence and power, and employ their Sunday in the city to hear him, to the exclusion of the members of the church. He is president of Temple College, the largest educational institution in America, from point of student attendance. The student body had outgrown their accommodations, and on May 2, 1894, an army of learners, numbering 6,200, marched into the new and larger building. He is the founder and prime mover and support of the great Samaritan Hospital, a fountain of the "milk of human kindness" in the centre of the great, busy city. A writer says this is the idea which dominates the Samaritan Hospital: "The one who needs help gets it, irrespective of money consideration." But standing out boldly

from the superb ability to be useful in a many ways is the crowning glery of the power to sway the wills of men, to catch their attention, and while holding it with bright and changing pictures, to drive some very solid and sober truths inte their heads, which will not down, but array themselves constantly to thought about and bring forth fruit.

Although he is not an old man, Mr. Conwell has been in the lecture field more than thirty years, during which period he has delivered here and abroad over 2,000 lectures. He is to-day one of America's most popular platform speakwho made the platform brilliant in the days of Gough, Beecher, and Chapin. He is in constant demand in all parts of the country, and cannot respond to one balf the calls he receives. His large i from his lectures has been wholly devoted to the benevolent work of educating the poor. A gentleman of this city who heard Mr. Conwell deliver this lecture a short while ago in Atlanta, sale yesterday that it was a masterly effort, a discourse admirably delivered, and possessing point, pith, and power. He would

The distinguished man, whose name has been on the lips of people in every quarter of the globe, was born in the town of Worthington, Hampshire county, Mass. February 15, 1843. His early years were spent in a desperate struggle for an edu-cation; his life since has been spent so largely and effectively in opening the way sions, to others, situated as he once was. He took the law and academic course at Yale, and later graduated from the law department of Albany University. In in work and living he so much resemble The biography of Spurgeon reached a sale of 125,000 copies in four months.

The lecture begins promptly at 8:15, and persons are urged, for their own sake and the sake of others, to be in their seats at that time.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Forms of the Staff of Life in Various countries.

(London Mail.) In the remoter parts of Sweden the poor people make and bake their ryebrena twice a year, and store the loaves away so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Further north still bread is made from barley and oats. In Lapland, oats, with the inner bark of the pine, are used, The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large, flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire. In dreary Kamtchatka, pine or birch park tuself, wed macerated, pounded and baked, freque ly constitutes the whole of the native bread food. The Icelander scrapes the "Iceland moss" off the rocks and grinds of Siberia, China, and other eastern coun

BEWITCHING SPRING HAT.

